A little hand within my own I hold;
More precious 'tis than silver, gems Or gold.

O loving, trustful eyes, that Softly shine! You look to me for all that love

O darling little hand, that clings

Will look to me so long as both Shall live. I twel my great unfitness
For the task.
More patience, Lord, more gentleness
I ask;

More love with which to teach them Love divine: Less faith in my own strength, much more In Thine:

More courage, faith and hope to point
The Road—
That narrow road and strait, which leads
To God.

# International Sunday-School Lessons.

Aug. 16—The Prophet of the
Lord. 1 Kings 18: 30-46
Aug. 23—Elijah at Horeb. 1 Kings 19: 1-18
Aug. 33—The Story of Naboth 1 Kings 21: 1-18
Sept. 6—Elijah Translated. 2 Kings 21: 1-15
Sept. 13—The Shunamite's Son.2 Kings 4: 18-37
Sept. 29—Nauman the Syrian. 2 Kings 5: 1-16
Sept. 27—Review. Service of Song Missionary,
Temperance, or other Lesson selected by
the school. Aug. 16-The Prophet of the

### CONQUERING AND TO CONQUER. Dr. Parkhurst's Answer to the Charge That Christianity Is Declining-An Excellent Tonic for Desponding Believers.

The article in the North American Review by Dr. C. H. Parkhurst, in answer to the question: "Is Christianity declining?" is a clear refutation of those who affirm that it is, and an excellent tonic for desponding believers, disheartened by a too ready credence of the false assertion. The writer shows that any suspicion of such decline is unfounded, and is explicable on three grounds: The avidity of newspapers in collecting and giving the largest prominence to crimes, thus making the impression that society is becoming more and more corrupt, and that Christianity is a failure; meager acquaintance with the moral condition of society fifty, or a hundred, or a thousand, years ago; and an elevated moral sentiment that takes offense at what in times past has been accounted as tolerable or even unexceptionable. As illustrating the gross intemperance that prevailed in New England two centuries ago, it is recorded that at the funeral of the pastor of a church at Ipswich, Mass., one barrel of wine and two of cider were consumed by the mourners, and that intemperance among ministers, elders and deacons was common. "It is a part of the history of the old church at Andover that the chief causes of discipline for 125 years were fornication and drunkenness." The rare occurrence of either of these crimes in church circles at the present time indicates a vast advance in the morality of the people. Dr. Parkhurst gives the following statistics of the increase in the number of evangelical churches and communicants from 1800 to 1880:

United States 3,030 evangelical churches: in 1850, 48,072; in 1870, 70,-148; and in 1880, 97,090—a gain of 27,000 in the decade between '70 and '80. In 1800 there were 364,000 communicants: in 1850, 2,529,000; in 1870, 6,678,000; 1880, 10,065,000. Of course, during all this time there was an immense increase in population, but the increase in church membership a good deal more than kept pace with that of the population. Taking the whole country through, there was in 1800 one evangelical communicant to every 14½; inhabitants; in 1850, one to every 6½ in 1870, one to every 5½; and in 1880, one to every 5. In 1845 only five of the students were church members. In 1830, 26 per cent. of the students of all 1830, 26 per cent of the students of all American colleges were professing Christians; in 1850, 38 per cent.; in 1865, 46 per cent.; in 1880, out of 12,-063 students in sixty-five colleges, 6,-081, or a little more than half, were professors of religion. It is by such steps as these that the religion of Jesus Christ is attempting to die out of the respect and affection of the American people! So far from Christianity bepeople! So far from Christianity be-traying the first symptoms of exhaustion, there has been no time since the Jordan baptism of Jesus when it has moved with such gigantic strides, or put forth efforts so vigorous and herculean, as during the years of our own century, when the disciples of Voltaire and Paine have been most agile in their production of obituaries.

in the year 1800 there were in the

Ever since Christianity began its enemies have prophesied its speedy extinc-tion. They have repeatedly declared it to be moribund, and fixed innumerable bygone dates for its final demise. Voltaire said: "Before the beginning of the nineteenth century Christianity will have disappeared from the earth;" yet it still survives, and the room in which Voltaire uttered these words has since been used as a Bible repository. It is to be expected that men who regard Christ as an impostor, and His Gospel as a cunningly-devised fable, will pre-dict its failure; but believers still find encouraging evidences of its progress and final triumph. To them the divine origin of Christianity is a sure guaranty that it will accomplish its mission. It is hardly thinkable that the work of human redemption, ordained of God, inaugurated by the gift of His only-begotten Son, and continually enlisting the energies of Omnipotence, can ever come to naught. Because Christ is di-vine, He must conquer. His victory was the chief theme of prophecy before His birth: "He shall not fail nor be discouraged till He have set judgment on the earth, and the isles shall wait for His law." "The Government shall be upon His shoulders, and unto Him shall the gathering of the people be." "Yes, all kings shall fall down before Him; all nations shall serve Him." Christ Himself promised that this should be the result of His redemptional work:
"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth,

will draw all men unto Me."

The progress of the Gospel promises the fulfillment of these prophecies. Nineteen hundred years ago Christianity began with the baptist in the wilderness and the babe in the manger. Humanly speaking, the olds were against it: most of the world was in heathen light of eternity alone shall make clear darkness. "Christ dropped like a help—to the vision.—Exchange.

less infant into a den of wolves, and for a time it seemed uncertain whether the angel would transform the wolf, or the wolf destroy the lamb." With us the question is practically settled; for we see Him who "cometh from Edom, with dved garments from Bozrah, glorious in His apparel, traveling in the greatness of His strength" from victory to victory; His dominion extending 'from sea to sea, and from the rivers to the ends of the earth." Christianity prevails in all the leading nations of the The few heathen countries that are left are largely under the influence of Christian civilization. Old prejudices are yielding and new doors are open-ing to the Gospel every day. Mission-ary enterprise is extending it every-where, and helping to inaugurate the universal reign of Christ, when all "the heathen shall be given to Him for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession.'

The perfect adaptation of the Gospel to the wants of all classes of mank ad is a sure pledge of its triumph. Nothing else can satisfy the restless, aching, longing human heart, give effectual solace in sorrow, and immortal hope in death. So long as man remains a sin-ning, suffering, heavy-laden being; so long as there is weeping in his home and anguish in his heart, that Gespel which tells him the tale of infinite pity, and bids him rest on the bosom of infinite love, can never lose its charm for his soul or its power in the world.—
N. W. Christian Advocate.

# DON'T BE A BOARDER.

The Church Is a Home, and Should No. Be Made a Boarding-House.

We don't mean if you have no wife, and can't get one, you should not board with somebody that has. But don't be a church boarder. The church is a home. Don't help to make it a boarding-house. When you go to a church, if you are a Christian join it. Become a member of the family. As sume your share of the burdens, work, joy and glory. Our churches are being turned into caravansaries, where the religious meal and spiritual lodging are furnished for so many "bits." We are afflicted with migratory church boarders. They lodge awhile in one church, and then when a new caterer appears in another pulpit, or they get a trifle dissatisfied with their own, they fold their tents like the Arabs, and as silently steal away. Their wisdom, their effort, their interest are withheld. All the church gets from them is the patronage of their presence and sometimes their contributions. They are very apt to be religious dyspeptics, for they are always taking in food, and never exerting themselves in religious labor. They are very apt to be fault-finders. Churchboarding develops this selfishness, and gives no opportunity for them to appreciate the difficulties and responsibilities of a church enterprise. The hand and brain that are active in the home are not those, generally, of the critic and fault-finder.

As compared with the home, the boarding-house has never been a success. And as compared with a church, well-compacted, having all the Christians under its ministry active members, loyal to its aims, united to its life, par ticipants in its work, expectant of its triumphs, a church where ha'f of its supporters are only "boarders," bearing a loose and temporary relation to it, is not a success. Therefore, we say, if you are living in this loose relation to any church, don't. If you are ever tempted to live so in the future, don't. Don't be a church boarder. - Pacific.

# The Best Not Shown.

After we do all we can in the way of making our light shine before men, there is still a part of the life remaining that no man can see. It may, too, be the best we have. If one be mo lest, as all Christians ought to be, he will hesitate about speaking out fully, and to all men, the things of his inner life which deeply interest him, but about which he may have more or less uncertainty. If, on the other hand, he e without uncertainty and has the blessing of a well-grounded full assurance, he will be possessed of so much that he can not tell it if he will. The infinite grace that is given him is not to be expressed in finite words; is not, indeed, to be formulated in his own thoughts. In looking, therefore, at Christians of the better kind let us not conclude that they have set out before the public in their declarations and good deeds the very best they have. There is a reserve of grace that they do not wish to exhibit, or that they can not illustrate in their best performances. A real Christian, living in near communion with his Master, is always better than his chief performances show him to be.—United Presbyterian.

# CHOICE SELECTIONS.

-Ignorance is neither the mother of devotion nor of usefulness. God is not accustomed to sanctify ignorance. -

Texas Baptist. -We are apt to forget how easy and common it is for God to turn the wisdom of men into folly; to frustrate the tokens of the liars and make the prophets mad. How men blow great bubbles and God bursts them with the slightest touch.

-While busy in harvesting the golden grain and wisely preparing for the coming winter, it is most important we should be busy gathering sheaves for the Kingdom of God, and preparing our souls for eternity. May it not be said, in the day of judgment, by any who read these lines: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." — Herald and Presbyter.

Of all the lessons that humanity has to learn in life's school, the hardest is to learn to wait. Not to wait with the folded hands that claim life's prizes the folded hands that claim life's prizes without previous effort, but having struggled, and crowded the slow years with trial, see no such result as effort seems to warrant—nay, perhaps, disaster instead. To stand firm at such crises of existence, to preserve one's self-poise and self-respect, not to loose hold or to relax effort, this is greatness whether achieved by man or woman whether solsieved by man or woman— whether the eye of the world notes it, or it is recorded in the book which the

# FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

## THE FLOWERS' REPLIES.

"Hey willow-waly! I wish I were a daisy.

A merry, laughing daisy," a little maiden sighed.
"Then hey willow-waly! when life is bright or hazy,
Keep a cheerful spirit," the daisy gay replied.

"Hey willow-waly! a buttercup I'd like to be, A bright, golden buttercup," the little maiden sighed.
"Then hey willow-waly! little maiden, draw to thee Life's golden sunshine," the buttercup re-plied.

"Hey willow-waly! that I could be a clover, A sweet crimson clover," the little maiden sighed.
"Then bey willow waly! ere thy youth is

Treasure all its honey," the clover sweet

"Hey willow waly! if only I could be a rose, A dainty, pretty, wild rose," the little maiden sighed. "Then hey willow-waly! every little maiden How to be a rosebud," the dainty rose re--Grace F. Pennypacker, in St. Nicholas.

# WAS SHE A COWARD?

# How Jennie Proved Her Bravery in the

Face of Real Danger. Jennie Carter was a very bright, good-humored little girl, about twelve years old. Being the only girl in the family, she was naturally a great pet. Indeed, her brothers had but one fault to find with her; but they managed to give her a great many uncomfortable moments on account of that one fault. The fact was, she was afraid of the dark, and this her two elder brothers

could not understand. Little George never had anything to say on the subject, but, as he was only two years old, he could hardly be expected to have an opinion about the matter. Rob and Max, however, the older boys, seldom lost an opportunity of teasing Jenuie about being a coward. and of submitting her to very un-pleasant ordeals, in order to teach her not to be afraid. As, for instance, once she and Rob were in a dark room, when he suddenly ran out, holding the door shut on the outside, so that she could not follow; and another time he and Max coaxed her down a dark, narrow passage to a little room at the end, where they left her, and ran away.

Poor Jennie, in running after them, fell and sprained her ankie, which was not what they had expected. All this, however, only erved to make her more timid, if possible, and did no good.

Jennie had a hard time with the teas-

ing of her two brothers, which she sometimes received with temper and sometimes with tears.

"It's as bad to be a cry-baby as a coward," said Max, one day, after teasing her until she cried.

This roused Jennie's temper.

"I'm not a cry-baby," she said, indignation drying her tears; "and I am

no more of a coward than you, Master Max. I let Doctor Smith pull my tooth without a word, and you would not even let him look at your mouth, and came home and cried all night with the toothache.

Max looked rather sheepish at this, and had nothing to say. He was very glad at that moment to hear his mother call him. She had been sitting at the window, and overheard the children.

"I wish you would not tease your sister so constantly, Max," she said, as he came in the room. "It does no

"She is such a cowardly baby," he

said, by way of an excuse.
"She is not a baby. You boys torment her so she can not help crying, and I am not at all sure she is such a coward as you imagine. Many people who are afraid of imaginary are brave enough in the face of real danger." was his mother's reply.

Max was not to be convinced, but refrained from tensing Jennie any more that day because his mother expressly

Mrs. Carter felt very sorry to have her little daughter afraid of the dark, because she knew it was foolish, but she did not see any way to help it, and hoped in time Jennie would outgrow it. She felt quite sure the boys could do no good with their teasing, and put a stop to it whenever she heard them.
One day the children were all invited, with their mother and father, to

take tea with their grandmother. Of course they were in a great hurry to set off, and their mother allowed them to go some time before she did. Jennie had charge of Georgie, and her mother gave her many charges about

"I am so afraid something will hap-pen to him. I think he had better wait and go with me," she said, anxiously.

But at this time Master Georgie's lip began to pout, and there were signs of coming tears—an event always averted, if possible, in the Carter family, for

Georgie's "crying fits" were apt to be stubborn things.
"Don't worry, mother dear, I will take good care of him, "said Jennie.
And when she made a promise her And when she made a promise, her mother knew it would be kept, and let

them go. They walked along the street very happily, the two boys in front, and Jennie a few steps behind, with Georgie. Suddenly they heard a great noise, and people calling. Looking back they saw a horse with a wagon attached to him coming furiously toward them on the sidewalk.

"Run, run!" shouted Rob, as he and Max started for the steps of a house

Jennie could not run with her little brother, and she never thought of leaving him. In fact, she never thought of her elf at all. She had promised to take care of little Georgie, and she would do her best

Stepping quickly behind him, so that she should put herself between him and the danger, she threw her arms closely about him; as if, poor child! her little frail body could save him from the fate that was coming.

She shut her eyes. There was a rat-tling crash. She was conscious of a

sharp pain somewhere about her, and then knew no more. When she came to herself she was lying in bed, with her head bandaged and a queer, stiff feeling in one arm.

Just then her mother came to her

"My dear, brave lit le girl!" she said,

"Was Georgie hurt?" Jennie asked,

"No. my darling. You have saved his life by your courage and presence of

Jennie smiled, and there being aothing

Jennie was a long time recovering from the injuries she had received. The horse had, just as he reached the children, suddenly taken to the street. In turning, the wagon had dashed violently against a tree and been broken. Some portion of it had struck Jennie, bruising her head and breaking one

Little Georgie was unharmed. The courage of his little sister had saved him. Rob and Max were very kind and attentive to her during her illness. They never called her a coward after that. Their father had a very serious talk with them the day Jennie was hurt, in which he showed them how truly brave

their sister was. . They had nothing to say, for from the danger she had faced so bravely they had run away.—A. M. Talcott, in Golden

### THE OLD DOCTOR'S STORY. A Father's Last Words-"You've Always

Been a Good Boy to Me. "I have a little story to tell you, boys," the old doctor said to the young people the other evening. "One daya long, hot day it had been, too -I met my father on the road to town

"I wish you would take this package to the village for me, Jim,' he said,

hesitating. Now, I was a boy of twelve, not fond of work, and was just out of the hay-field, where I had been at work since daybreak. I was tired, dusty and hungry. It was two miles into town. I wanted to get my supper and wash and dress for singing school.

"My first impulse was to refuse, and to do it harshly, for I was vexed that he should ask this of me after my long day's work. If I did refuse, he would go himself. He was a gentle, patient old man. But something stopped me; one of God's good asseal. I think one of God's good angels, I think. " Of course, father, I'll take it.' I

said, heartily, giving my scythe to one of the men. He gave me the package. "Thank you, Jim,' he said, 'I was going myself, but somehow I don't feel very strong to-day.'
"He walked with me to the road that

turned of to the town, and, as he left, put his hand on my arm, saying again: 'Thank you, my son. You've always been a good boy to me, Jim.'

"I hurried into town and back again. "When I came near the house I saw a crowd of farm hands at the door One of them came to me, the tears roll-

ing down his face.
"Your father,' he said, 'fell dead just as he reached the house. The last words he spoke were to you.' "I'm an old man now, but I have thanked God over and over again in all the years that have passed since that hour that those last words were: 'You've always been a good boy to

No human being ever yet was sorry for love or kindness shown to others. But there is no pang of remorse so keen as the bitterness with which weremem-ber neglect or coldness which we have

shown to loved ones who are dead. Do not begrudge loving deeds and kind words, especially to those who gather with you about the same hearth. In many families a habit of nagging, crossness, or ill-natured gibing, gradu-ally covers the real feeling of love that

lies deep teneath.

And after all it is such a little way that we can go together. - Baptist Weekly.

# CHARACTER.

How Good and Bad Qualities Grow and Are Developed .- The Hight Time to Build for the Future.

You know, dears, there are shops in our large cities where one can go and buy a suit of clothing all ready to be put right on and worn; but have any of you ever heard of a shop where "readymade" characters were for sale? No, indeed! Character is something that grows and develops in every boy and girl 1 ttle by little every day, glows with their growth and strengthens with their strength, until, at last, like a cloak, or coat, it envelopes them. Look at papa. He is an honest, upright man, prompt, conscientious and reliable in business, and at home tender, affectionate and considerate. Now, do you suppose he waited until he became a man to develop these qualities? And did mamma gain her win-someness and gentle manners, her pa-tience and forbearance, after she had grown to womanhood? No, my dears these admirable traits were cultivated in youth and encouraged until they became fixed and permanent qualities Show me a boy who likes to lie abed in the morning, who is always behind at breakfast, late at school, neglectful of his lessons and duties, and always mak ing excuses for his tardiness, and I wil show you a man who is lasy and unre liable, and who will never prosperone whom no one will honor or respect And the girl who is idle, careless o her appearance, snappish and snariish and inclined to procrastinate and pu and inclined to procrastinate and put off, will become a slothful, untidy, cross, dilatory woman whom none will admire, but whom every one will shun. But the boy or girl who is -prompt, industrious, persevering, honest and amiable, who works, plays and studes with a will, will make a reliable, prosperus traplication of the procrastination of the programment of the programment. perous, noble, ge..erous gentleman, or

a bright, clever, winsome gentlewoman.

Now is the time then, dears, to build for your future, and grandma hopes if any of you have formed habits that can not fail to bring unhappiness when you are older, you will get rid of them at once before they become too deeply rooted. Somebody has taken the word habit and worked it out in this clever way, which shows how a bad habit sticks, and how hard it is to get rid of. "Habit is hard to overcome. If you take of the first letter it is a bit." If you take off another, you still have a bit' left. If you take off another, the whole of 'it' remains. You take off another, the another, it is not 't' totally used up." So be sure and form good habits.—"Grandma," in Christian at Work.

-Of the total area of the United States, forty for per cent., or 1,365,000 square miles, is devoted to grazing.— Chicago . ourna'.

### A Wonderful Horse.

There is a preceptible coolness between young Seabury, one of the most fashionable young men in Austin, and Gillhooly. Seabury owns a horse which he thinks is the finest in the world,

Young Seabury was bragging about his horse to a crowd of acquaintances the other day, and he said, among other improbable things, that the horse went so fast on the previous day that he overtook a swallow, the horse's ear striking the bird.

"Are you sure the swallow was not coming from the opposite direction?" asked Gillhooly, with the air of a man who wanted to know.

"Of course not," was the indignant

'I reckon then the swallow wanted to build her nest in your horse's ear. The horse went so slow that the swallow could not see that he was moving. Wonderfull hoss."—Texas Siftings.

-A curious sort of a physician is Pelayo Sabarina, of Ures, Sonora, Mex-With his saliva he will cure any case of hydrophobia. The doctors think he chews some herb beforehand which acts as a specific.

Helpless Upon a Friendless Seal

Helpless Upon a Friendless Sea!

Who, in taking passage in a great transAtlantic steamer, does not feel a thrill of
exultation over her magnificent power.
Against her the Storm King may hurl his
elemental forces, nor pierce her armor, nor
stop her onward course.

But let me describe a scene when, one
morning in mid-ocean, there came an
alarm from the pilot house followed by a
cry: "The ship's rudder is lost!" From
the confident expression, consternation
came to every face. The wheelman being
helpless to direct her course, the vessel
was at the mercy of wind and wave.

The captain had been negligent—the
hangings of the rudder were allowed to
wear weak, and suddenly it had dropped
deep into the sea!

Strong in intellect, in physical vigor, in
energy and in ambition, man confronts,
undaunted, gigantic tasks and commands
applause for his magnificent achievements.
But, all unexpectedly, an alarm comes—
the rudder of his constitution is gone. He
has been careless of its preservation; mental strain, nervous excitement, irregular
habits over-work have destroyed the achas been careless of its preservation; men-tal strain, nervous excitement, irregular habits, over-work, have destroyed the ac-tion of his kidneys and liver. This would not occur were Warner's safe cure used to maintain vigor. And even-now it may re-store vitality to those organs and give back to the man that which will lead him to the haven of his ambition.—The Traveler.

"This is my golden wedding," remarked an impecuations man when he married a woman worth \$160,000.

# The Morning Dress.

It is said that a lady's standing in society can easily be determined by her dress at the breakfast-table; an expensive, showy costume indicating that the wearer has not yet learned the proprieties. But no one need be afraid of being called "shoddy" if her loveliness is as apparent by daylight as at the hops. Perfect beauty is never the attendant of disease; above all, of those diseases peculiar to women, and which find a ready cure in Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

ECCENTRICITY in a rich man is lunsey in a poor one. False alarm—One that does not go off at the proper hour.—Boston Post.

Above all other earthly life,
I hate the big, old fashioned pills;
By slow degrees they downward wend,
And often pause, or upward tend;
With such discomfort are they fraught,
Their good effects amount to naught.
Now, Dr. Pieroe prepares a pill
That just exactly fills the bill—
A Pleasant Purgartive and small;
Just try them as you feel their need,
You'll find that I speak truth, indeed.

WE suppose they call it "the silver moon" because there are four quarters in it.—Boston Builetin.

Glenn's Sulpher Sorp heals and beautifies. 25c. GERMAN CORN REMOVER Kills Corns a Buniona.

THE Hartford Journal says there is pos-try in vegetables. This is tough news for vegetarians.—Buffalo Express.

THE "old re'table" Dr. Sage's Catarra Remedy.

# THE MARKETS.

	A CONTRACTOR OF THE PARTY OF TH
	CINCINNATI, August 12, 1888.
Ė!	LIVE STOCK-Cattle-Common \$2 00 @ 2 75
i	Choice Butchers 42 @ 5 00
241	HOGS-Common 8 5 6 4 26
8	Good packers 4 30 5 4 60
1	SHEEP-Good to choice 8 00 & 3 80
.	FLOUR-Family
	GRAIN-Wheat-Longberry red
	No. 2 red
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•	Rye-No. 2
٠	HAY-Timothy No. 1
t	TOHACCO—Common Lugs
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d	FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—
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•	Potatoes, per brrrel 1 15 @ 1 25 Apples, pr.me. per barrel 1 25 @ 1 75
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18	Lard-Refined 6 7%

FOR

INDIANAPOLIS.

LOUISVILLE.

Wheat-No. 2 red.....

Plour—A No. 1
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red.
Corn—mixed
Outs—mixed
PORK—mess
LARD—steam

# Man and Beast,

Mustang Liniment is older than most men, and used more and more every year.

# HAY-FEVER.

For 25 years I have been severely afflicted with Hay Fever. While with Hay Fever. While suffering intensely I was induced to try Ely's Cream Baim, and the effect was marveious. It enabled me duties without the slightest inconvenience, and I have escaped a return attack.—Wm. T. CARL Presbyterian Pastor, Elizabeth, N. J.

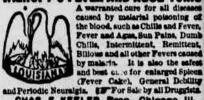


CREAM BALM has ga'ned an enviable rep-utation wherever known, displacing all other prepa-rations. A particle is ap-plied into each nostril; no pain; agreeable to us

# "Mother's Friend."



KEEP THE CHILDREN IN HEALTH If your child has any symptoms of dysentery or any trouble of the bowels, commence Ridge's Food as a diet without delay. Unless the trouble has become chronic, requiring medical aid, it will correct the dis-ficulty; and as a dietetic in sickness, it is invaluable





Lorillard's Climax Plug bearing a red tin tog ; that Lorillar Rose Lonf fine out ; that Lorillar Navy Clippings,

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you can advertise yourself. Mailed for 10 cts. At NS The most beautiful and finest toned in the world. Lean prices, easy populations. Send for catalogue. Address Weaver Organ & Piano Co., York, Pa

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EDUCATIONAL

A.N.K-B.

# Magnolia Balm

is a secret aid to beauty." Many a lady owes her freshness to it, who would rather not tell, and you can't tell.